Meſſ. At Billingſgate my Lord.

Falſt. I hope my Lord al's wel,what is the newes my lord?

Lord Come all his forces backe?

Meſſ. No,fifteen hundred foot,fiue hundred horſe
Are marcht vp to my lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland,and the Archbiſhop.

Falſt. Comes the King back from Wales,my noble lord?

Lord You ſhall haue letters of me preſently,
Come,go along with me,good maſter Gower.

Falſt. My lord.

Lord Whats the matter?

Falſtaffe Maiſter Gower, ſhall I intreate you with mee to dinner?

Gower I muſt waite vpon my good lord here,I thank you good ſir Iohn.

Lord Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long,
Being you are to take ſouldiers vp
In Counties as you go.

Falſtaffe Will you ſuppe with mee maiſter Gower?

Lord What fooliſh maiſter taught you theſe manners,ſir Iohn?

Falſtaffe Maiſter Gower,if they become me not,hee was a foole that taught them mee : this is the right fencing grace,my Lord,tap for tap,and ſo part faire.

Lord Now the Lord lighten thee,thou art a great foole.

Enter the Prince,Poynes,ſir Iohn Ruſſel,with other.

Prince Before God,I am exceeding weary.

Poynes Iſt come to that? I had thought wearines durſt not haue attacht one of ſo hie bloud.

Prince Faith it does me,though it diſcolors the complexion of my greatnes to acknowledge it : doth it not ſhew vildly in me,to deſire ſmall beere?

Poynes Why a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weake a compoſition.

Prince Belike then my appetite was not princely gote, for by my troth,I do now remember the poor creature ſmal beere.

But